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# NBC

ADVERTISER

FARM AND HOME BUREAU

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

LYNCH BIRD'S FOREST WINGS - 1212000 1245

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 121200-1140-5L )

( APRIL 30 DATE 1937 )

( FRIDAY DAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

MUSIC: Rangers' Song

ANNOUNCER: Many people think that the National Forests are places for growing timber only. Others think of them only as great outdoor vacation lands. That is all true, but it's only part of the story. The United States Forest Service administers the National Forests for the production of many useful things besides timber. They also furnish pure water supplies, they harbor wildlife, furnish seasonal range for livestock, besides providing recreational opportunities for millions of our citizens. They are operated not for one purpose, but for multiple-use. Hence, it can readily be seen why a forest officer must have years of training and experience, because there are several hundred different jobs that he might be called upon to do, some time or other during his career. The commonest of these duties are supervising sales of timber, building roads and trails, constructing buildings, and fighting forest fires. There's an old saying that troubles never come singly. It sure seems that way as we return for an early morning visit to the Pine Cone National Forest. Let's look in on the Ranger's office where Ranger Jim Robbing and his assistant, Jerry Quick, start in the day's work with a mighty tough problem to solve --



JERRY: (COMES IN WHISTLING) Good morning, Jim.

JIM: (HOARSELY) Morning, Jerry.

JERRY: It sure is a glorious spring day.

JIM: St. huh. (COUGHS)

JERRY: Gosh, it makes a fellow feel good just to be alive on a morning like this.

JIM: (GRUNTS ASSENT) - (SNIZZES)

JERRY: Say, you're not sick, are you, Jim?

JIM: No. Got a little cold, I guess -- that's all.

JERRY: You seem kinda down in the mouth. You know, sorta under the weather.

JIM: I do? Well, I'm not really sick or anything.

JERRY: What's the matter, then? Worrying about that Lonely Valley situation?

JIM: I'm pretty worried about it, all right. Something's wrong down there, but blamed if I know what it is. For three days straight we've had anywhere from five to a dozen fires in that section. Somebody's trying to burn it out.

JERRY: Who d'yuh s'pose it could be, Jim? It looks to me more like the work of a lunatic than a fire-bug.

JIM: I'd sure like to know the answer to that myself. I ain't given much to frettin' about little things. I always figured if you studied a situation from all sides, and kept cool, and didn't get stampeded into doing something foolish, why, you could solve most any problem in time, but ----



JERRY: Well, Jim, don't the same reasoning apply to this Lonely Valley fire situation?

JIM: Yes and no. In the first place, Jerry, we don't have a lot of time to spend figuring it out. We got to act quick before the firebug, whoever he is, burns up the whole valley.

JERRY: You know, Jim, there's something screwy about those fires. I can't say exactly what it is, but I have a feeling in my bones that they aren't being set for meanness or revenge.

JIM: I hope you're right, Jerry. I've been ranger here in the Pine Cone District for a good many years. I've always tried to do my duty and naturally I've had to step on some people's toes -- Made a few enemies, I s'pose -- fellows that violated laws and regulations and so on. A couple times men have threatened to take a shot at me, but no one ever tried to burn up the forest just to get even with me.

JERRY: Kinda hard to figure out, I'd say. Lonely Valley ain't an easy country to patrol, either.

JIM: No, that's the trouble. There's about sixty thousand acres of forest without a good road through it. Just foot and horse trails. 'Course the Windy Mountain fire tower overlooks the valley, and Slim and Walter are on duty as smoke chasers. But, still, sixty thousand acres is a pretty big piece of territory, 'specially when it's as rough as that Lonely Valley country.



JERRY: All the fires have been small, Jim. If the smoke chasers put 'em out fast as they start, at least there isn't much damage being done.

JIM: Yeah, that's so. We've been lucky. But you never know when one is going to get away. And if we get a high wind -- when! look out!

JERRY: Look here, Jim, suppose you let me go down to Lonely Valley for a few days. May be I can locate the person who's setting the fires, -- or at least find out what's causing them.

JIM: I'm afraid you couldn't be much help, Jerry. Frankly, you don't know the country well enough. Besides, Slim and Walter are down there.

JERRY: Yes, but Slim and Walter have to stick close to the guard station so as to be ready when a smoke is discovered. What I'd like to do, if you'll let me, is just sleuth around for a couple of days and see what I can find. Let's see; this is Friday. Well, if I don't discover anything of interest by Sunday night I'll report back here.

JIM: Well -- I don't know -- you haven't had much experience handling this kind of a situation, Jerry -- If you did find the fire bug, what then?

JERRY: (LIGHTLY) I'd bring him back alive.

JIM: I don't want you getting mixed up in any gun play, son.



JERRY: Don't worry, Jim. There wouldn't be any shooting. I'll leave my gun at home, and cut me a good stout club. And I'll only use that in case of a tie.

JIM: (GRUMPY) Nothing so funny about all this. You'd better stick on the job here, and -- (COUGHS)

BESS: (COMING UP) There you go, coughing again -- Jim, why don't you stay home today and doctor that cold? You know you ought to be in bed.

JIM: (SHARPLY) I've got work to do, Bess. If any one calls me, I'll be up at the CCC camp 'till noon.

BESS: Oh, dear. You men -- never will listen to reason.

JIM: Sorry, Bess. Just as soon as we get some rain to keep down those forest fires, I'll go to bed and let you nurse me 'till I'm well again ---

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MARY: Good morning. May I come in?

JERRY: Hel-lo, Mary. Sure, come right in.

MARY: Here's your mail, Mr. Robbins. I stopped at the post office on the way up.

JIM: Thanks, Miss.

JERRY: Gee, Mary, you sure look swell this morning.

MARY: Do I, Jerry? It's sweet of you to say so.

BESS: My dear, you do look lovely this morning.

JERRY: Isn't that just what I was telling her, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I know. Just keep on telling Mary that. Girls never get tired of hearing it.



JERRY: Of course I won't.

(SOUND) (PHONE RINGS LOUD)

18. Is it another fine, Jim?



JERRY: Look here, Jim. Why don't you let me go after that flier but, like I said.

JIM: I don't know what kind of a situation we might be getting into over there, Jerry. Might be a --

JERRY: I can handle it all right, Jim. I'll be careful, - honest.

JIM: The only trouble is, I don't know what - (COUGHING SPELL)

ESS: Jim, you ought to be in bed right now.

JERRY: Yeah. I'll say you should. Better let me go, Jim.

JIM: (GRUMPY) All right, go ahead. I s'pose Ess is gonna insist on me being sick, and sittin' around with hot mustard plasters and everything -- Look here, young fellow, you mind you watch what you're doing over there in Lonely Valley, and --

MARY: (ANXIOUS) Does Jerry have to go, Mr. Robbins? It might be a pyromaniac or something - maybe a dangerous criminal.

JERRY: Oh, I'll be all right, Mary. I ain't going to get into anything dangerous. It's just an every day routine job, like - like fixing a tire, or --

MARY: But Jerry --

JERRY: (BREAKING IN) No, don't you worry any, Mary, I'll be all right. I gotta get my pack together now, -- and a little grub. Wanta get started as quick as I can.

MARY: But listen, Jerry, please don't --

JERRY: (BREAKING IN) Believe me, Jim, I'm gonna catch that flier bug if I have to trail him all over Lonely Valley. (FADING) You wait and see, Jim -- I'll report it by Sunday.



JIM: I should've -- (SNEEWS) -- (GRUMPY) I should've gone out on that job myself.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, Jerry it's up to you now. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again next Friday, so be sure and be on hand and we'll find out if Jerry gets his man.

This program has come to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

vo js 12:36  
4/27/37

